# The Palace Royal:

OR, THE

# AMOURS

OF THE

# FRENCH KING

AND

# Madam *LAVALIER.*

Tranſlated out of *French*,

By *T. B.* Eſquire.

*LONDON:*

Printed for *R. Bentley*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, in *Covent-Garden*, 1696.

[Extract from
"Amours des Dames
illustres de notre
Siècle." ]

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# THE HISTORY OF THE *PALAIS ROYAL*, &c.

LEt us wave all City-Adventures, and the Formal Gallantries of the Town; we have now more illuſtrious and ſplendid Subjects of Entertainment: The *King* in his Throne of *Love* with as much Undauntedneſs as in his Seat of *Juſtice*. Let us then a little obſerve his *Majeſty*; and if it be poſſible omit none of his Proceedings, nor the good Offices of the *Duke* of *Saint Agnan*: whom for the future we ſhall call *Duke-Mercury*; as he who by his Care and Pains hath coupled our Gods in

deſpite of the Jealouſy of our Goddeſſes.

To begin then with a Faithful Deſcription of the *King*: He is Tall, ſome-what Broad-ſhoulder'd, has a Handſome Leg, Dances well, and very Dextrous in all Bodily Exerciſes: He has enough of the Meen and Port of a *Monarch*, Dark-brown Hair; and his Face a little marked with the Small-Pox: His Eyes are ſparkling and ſweet, his Lips red; And yet all this renders him not Beautiful. He is of a Prodigious Wit, and Admirable in his Carriage towards her he loves: So that one wou'd think, he reſerves for ſuch occaſions the Vigor of his Mind, as well as that of his Body. And what convinces all men that his Wit is extraordinary, he hath never given his Love to any but Perſons of that Character. He hath acknowledged, that nothing in this Life does ſo ſenſibly affect him, as the Pleaſures of Love; and that's his Inclination. He is a little Rough, very Covetous; of a haughty and a diſdainful Humour; amongſt Men given to Vanity; a little Envious, and were he not a *King* ſome what uneaſie in Company. But on the other hand, He is Couragious, Indefati-

fatigable, True, full of Honour, extreamly Juſt to his Word; Grateful, of great Integrity; eſteeming ſuch as are ſo, ſlighting thoſe that are otherways: And in a word, conſtant in all his Undertakings.

Though I have told you, his only Weakneſs is his too much Love for the Femal Sex, yet he never admired many Women. The firſt Paſſion he had, was for *Mademoiſelle de Manbhiny*, a Lady of a low Stature, Ugly, and Fat, with the Air of an Hoſteſs; but Witty as an Angel, which covered all her Defects, and made her Company very delightful. She was in love with the *King*; and therefore ſome ſay He ſpent many pleaſant Hours with her; inſomuch, that *Madama de Venel* often ſurprized them, as they were preparing for greater Pleaſures: But we muſt tell the truth, their Joys never attained to a full accompliſhment. The *King* wou'd have Marry'd her, had not the *Cardinal* oppoſed it; who was baited by the *Queen-Mother*. and made to promiſe one day when he beg'd ſome Marks of her Kindneſs, that he wou'd hinder the Buſineſs from taking effect. What I deſire of you (ſaid ſhe)

is no ſuch great Proof of your Paſſion as you imagine; For, to be ſhort, if the *King* Marry your Neece. he will certainly Divorce from her, and Baniſh you; And I ſwear to you, the latter of theſe Two will more perplex me, than the Marriage; though I ſee, my Deſigns for a Peace quite ruined, if the *King* Marry not the Daughter of *Spain*. The *Cardinal* was out-witted, and promiſed what the *Queen* defired, that he might have what he expected; ſo true it is, that another Man's Buſineſs is none of ours. At this time, he ſhewed himſelf no *Italian*; For the *King* to this very day teſtifies an invincible Averſion to all Divorces, and declares it ſo often, that he gives good ground to beleive, he wou'd never have practiſed ſo baſe a thing.

The *Cardinal* at length Marryed his Neece to the Conſtable *Colona*; The News of which ſo afflicted our *King*, that he wept, cry'd, caſt himſelf at his feet, and called him *Pa Pa*. But in a word, it was the Fate of thoſe Lovers, to be ſeparated. That diſconſolate Lady being ready to depart, and for that purpoſe ſtepping into her Coach, wittily ſaid to her Lover, whom ſhe perceiv'd

almoſt

almoſt dead through Exceſs of Grief; *You weep, you love me, you diſpare, are a* King, *and notwitſtanding, I am miſerable, and muſt indeed be gone.*

This Separation had like to have coſt the *King* his Life; But he was Young, and at laſt took Comfort again; though it wou'd not be ſo eaſy a matter now a dayes, to make him forget his Paſſion; For no man was ever more in Love, than now He is.

*Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* is the preſent Object of his Deſires. She was a *Maid of Honour* to *Madame*; And though ſhe be not after the order of *Melchiſedec*, yet excuſe me from relating her Genealogy. Her Perſon being the moſt illuſtrious Thing ſhe can pretend to, I will only tell you by the by, that the *Duke* of *Mombazom* promiſed her Father to procure him his Nobility, but he dyed before the *Duke* performed his Promiſe. His Widdow marry'd *Monſieur de St. Remy*. And in a word all that can be ſaid, is, that *La Valliere*, who five years ago was no Gentlewoman, is at preſent as Noble as the *King*.

There is ſomewhat now to be ſaid of that perſon, which hath ſo ſtrongly engaged the heart of a proud and haughty

*Prince*: She is of a middle Stature, and very Slender: Her Gate not graceful, becauſe ſhe is Crooked: She is of a fair Complexion, and marked with the *Small-Pox*: Her eyes are brown, caſting a languiſhing Look; but ſometimes alſo, full of Life and Spirit: Her Mouth is large, with lips pretty red; bad Teeth, no Breaſts, and flat Arms; which make Men judge diſadvantagiouſly of the reſt of her Body: She hath a ſparkling Wit, full of Life and Vigour, ſpeaks things pleaſantly, has much Solidity, and Learning alſo; For ſhe is acquainted with almoſt all the Hiſtories of the World, and has enough to Read them: Her Heart is great, ſteadfaſt, generous, void of Intereſt, and tender; and without doubt, not unapt for Love. She is Faithful and Sincere, free from all friſking Levity; and of all Women living, moſt capable of a great Engagement. She loves her Friends extreamly; and it is certain She loved the *King* above a Year before he was acquainted with it; and that ſhe often told a Friend of hers, That ſhe wiſhed he had not been of ſo high a Rank and Quality. It is well known to all that the Sport they made of it at Court,

ſtir'd

ſtir'd up a Curioſity in the *King* to know her; and as it is natural to Generous Souls, to Love thoſe who Love them; the *King* from that time had a Kindneſs for her; not that her Perſon pleaſed him, for his Paſſion was but Gratitude, and ſo he told the *Count de Guich*, that he would marry her to a *Marqueſs* whom he named, and a Friend of the *Counts*; which made him reply to the *King*, That his Friend loved handſom Women. Ha! Good *God* (ſaid the *King*) it is true, ſhe is not Beautiful, but I will do for her ſo, as to make her Deſirable.

Three Dayes after, the *King* went to viſit *Madame*, who was ill; and ſtaid with *La Valliere* in the Anti-Chamber, with whom he entertained a long Diſcourſe; and was ſo charmed with her Wit, that from that minute his Gratitude was turned into real Love. He made no ſtay with *Madame*, but returned again the next day; and ſo continued for the Space of a Month; which gave occaſion of a Rumour that he was in love with *Madame*, and her ſelf alſo to beleive it. But the *King* ſought only an opportunity to diſcover his Love which much preſt him; and he might have eaſily found it,

he considered only his Quality of *King*; But he looked more on that of a Lover; And in effect he appeared so timorous and bashful that he thereby made a full Conquest of Heart, which he had already sufficiently wounded.

Walking one day in the Park of *Verselles*, he complained that for Ten or Twelve Days, he found himself out of order: *Mademoiselle de La Valliere* appeared much concerned, and testifyed her trouble with a great deal of Tenderness. Alas! *Mademoiselle* (said he) how Good you are, to concern your self in the Health of a wretched *Prince*, who has not deserved from you the least Compassion, were it not that he is altogether at your Devotion. Yes, *Madame* (continued he, in a disorder that charmed the Fair One) You are the absolute Mistriss of my Life, my Death and Repose: and my Fortune depends wholly on you.

*La Valliere* blush't, and was so out of Countenance, that she remained Speechless: She saw at her Knees a great *King*, whom She loved, melting in Passion; which could not but put her to Plunge. What is the Cause of that Silence, *Mademoiselle*, (continued he?) Ah! It is an

Effect

Effect of your inſenſibility, and my Unhappineſs. You are not ſo tender, as you ſeem to be, and if ſo, how much am I to be pittyed, for Adoring you at the rate I do? No Sir (replyed ſhe) I am not inſenſible of what you feel for my ſake; My Heart ſhall make you a Return, if in reality you Love me: But alſo, if it be becauſe I have been expoſed in your Court, by reaſon of the particular Eſteem that I have had for your perſon: And that one ſhou'd eye nothing in a *King*, but his Crown, Scepter, and Diadem; that it is almoſt unlawful for any to praiſe him; and that not withſtanding, without minding the Cuſtom, I have praiſed that which is more peculiarly your own: If upon that account, I ſay, you think it will be eaſy to flatter my Vanity and to engage me to give a ſerious Anſwer, as to this point. Ah! Sir, conſider with your Majeſty that you can have no Glory by acting ſuch a Part; and that it is your Sincerity and Honour that moſt of all charmes me: I ſhould take the liberty to cenſure you in my Heart, as if you were an ordinary Man, if I had none in all *France*, to whom I might ſay with Confidence, that your Vertue is not perfect.

O!

O! how I eſteem your ſentiments, replyed the King, in that you deſpiſe vices even in the Soul of a Monarch; but I have cauſe to complain of you for ſuſpecting me guilty of the moſt Ignominious of Crimes: Good *God*! What glory would it be to be reckon'd a Skilful cheat, when it ſhould be known all the World over, that I had abuſed the moſt charming Maid in *France*: I ſhould infallibly be called the greateſt of Knaves; and is that an honourable Character for a King? No, *Mademoiſelle*, beleive it, I was born what I am, I thank *God* I have Honour and Virtue, and did I not really Love you, I ſhould not tell you ſo: I do and ſhall perſiſt in it with a conſtancy, which I doubt not, you will eſteem; but, Alaſs! I ſpeak like one in poſſeſſion of Bliſs. and yet perhaps ſhall never be happy. I cannot tell, (reply'd *La Valliere*) but I well know, that if the trouble which is now upon my mind continue, I am ſure to be miſerable. A great ſhower of Rain falling broke up that Converſation, which had laſted three Hours: There was much ſadneſs obſerved in the Countenance of *La Valliere*, and diſturbance in the Kings. Next day he viſited her again, and entertained

tained her with a Diſcourſe to the ſame purpoſe; after which he ſent her a pair of Pendants to the value of Fifty Thouſand Crowns; and two days after a Watch of an ineſtimable price, with this Letter.

*TEll me ſincerely*, Mademmoiſelle, *is it my Death you deſign; you muſt be ſatisfied. All are ſolicitous to know what diſturbs me; they tell me that* Madame *is not cruel, that Fortune is not niggardly to me; but they ſay not, I am in love with you and that you are the cauſe of my deſpair: You have a kind of tenderneſs that makes me mad: In* Gods Name, *change your manner of Carriage for a Prince, who dies for you; Be either altogether kind, or altogether cruel.*

The King, who is the moſt impatient Man living, when he is in Love, and holds it for a Maxime, that the more Wit and Diſcretion a Woman hath, the better ſhe Loves; and that when ſhe has once given her Heart there is nothing then in her Power that ſhe can refuſe her Lover, reſolved at length to know how matters ſtood with him and his Miſtreſs.

She

She her ſelf had confeſſed that all his Haughtineſs forſook him, and he accoſted her trembling. He had Put himſelf in moſt Magnificient Apparel, when he went to ſee her at *Madam's* Appartment, and whilſt *Count de Guiche* entertained *Madame*, the Ladies that were with *La Valliere*, out of reſpect with-drew, ſo that he remained all alone with her. He told her whatever a tender and violent Love can put iu the mouth of a Witty and Paſſionate Lover, aſſured her his Flame ſhould be perpetual; that he beg'd not that favour with the common deſign of Men, but that he might only have the ſatisfaction to perſwade himſelf by continual Reflections on his Happineſs that ſhe had now no cauſe to doubt, but that his heart was wholly at her diſpoſal. On the other hand ſhe aſſured him, that nothing but Love could have made her grant that favour, that ſhe was not dazled with greatneſs; that ſhe Loved his Perſon, and not his Royalty; and in fine, having told him; pitty, Sir my weakneſs, ſhe allowed him that raviſhing enjoyment for which the greateſt men in the World ſpend many Vows and Prayers. Never Maid ſung ſo loud the Obits of an expi-

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ring Virginity ſhe many times redoubled her Notes, for the *King* was braver than can be imgin'd, and like himſelf defied all Oppoſition. After he had received the favour he felt in himſelf new acceſſes of Love and ſwore to her, that if ſhe askt his Crown, he would willingly give it her. Next day coming again to ſee her ſhe prayed him that they might conceal their Familiarities; for *Madame* (ſhe told him) beleived that he was in Love with her. It is certain, (he anſwer'd) That he could not harbour ſo much Treachery in his Heart, as to endeavour to impoſe upon her. But ſhould I beg it of you (ſaid *La Valliere* to him.) Ah! how ſtrangely do you put me to it, (Anſwered the King;) but I have told you, you may diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe. About a Fort-night they continued *this* ſecret Commerce; but chance at length diſcovered it, which obliged the *King* and *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* to own the truth, and no more diſſemble. It cannot be expreſſed in what chafe and anger *Madame* was and how baſely ſhe thought her ſelf uſed; She is Lovely, high; and more than that, a Lady of Court. How, (ſaid ſhe) prefer an ugly, crooked Citi-

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zens Daughter of *Tours*, to the Daughter of a King, ſuch as I? She ſpoke of it to both the *Queens* at *Varſilles*; but as a Virtuous Lady, who would not ſerve as a pretext for the *King*'s Amours: The *Queen*-Mother thought it expedient, that *La Valliere* ſhould be ſpoken to; and indeed all the three gave her ſo ſharp a Leſſon, that the poor Lady reſolved for the reſt of her days, to take up her Quarters in a *Nunnery*, there to Mortify her Body for the ſhort Pleaſures ſhe had taſted; and too days after went to one, whether ſhe was no ſooner come; but ſhe deſired a Chamber and went into it there to bewail the ſadneſs of her Condition. At that time the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadours had publick Audience in the great Hall, where they are uſually received, many perſons of Quality were there, and amongſt the reſt the Duke of St. *Agnan*; who having for ſome time diſcourſed with the *Marqueſs* of *Sourdis*, that talked very ſoftly; Anſwered aloud, and in a ſurprize: What, *La Valliere* in a *Monaſtery*? The *King* who heard only her Name, turned towards them in great trouble, and askt what the matter was; the Duke made Anſwer, *La Valliere* is in a *Nunnery*, at

*Challiot*

*Challiot.* By good fortune the Ambaſſadours were diſpatch'd before, for in the Tranſport the *King* was put into by this News, he would have done things with little Conſideration. He commanded his Coach to be made ready; but without ſtaying for it, immediatly took Horſe: The *Queen* ſeeing him go away in this manner, told him, that he was not Maſter of himſelf. Ha! (replyed he, furious as a Young Lyon) if I be not of my ſelf *Madame*, I ſhall be of thoſe that provoke me: Having ſaid ſo, he departed, and at full ſpeed poſted to *Challiot*. So ſoon as he had asked for her, and ſhe was come to the grate: Ha! (cryed the *King* all bathed in tears) you take little eare of the Life of thoſe that Love you: She would have Anſwered, but was hindred with Weeping: He prayed her preſently to come out, but ſhe reſiſted for a long time, alledging for her excuſe, the bad uſage ſhe might expect from *Madame*: In fine, (ſaid ſhe lifting up her eyes to Heaven) How weak are people that are in love, and I have no more ſtrength to withſtand! With that ſhe came out, and going into the Coach, which the *King* had Commanded to be brought;

This

This now (ſaid ſhe) will at length undo me: No (replyed her Crowned Lover) I thank God I am *King*; and I ſhall make it appear to any that dare be ſo bold as to diſpleaſure you. Upon the road he propoſed to give her a houſe, and retinue, but that ſeeming too Conſpicuous, ſhe humbly thanked his Majeſty; but would not accept of it. So ſoon as the *King* returned he told *Madame*, that he intreated her to look on *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere*, as a Lady whom he recommended to her more than his own Life: Yes, (replyed *Madame* with a ſmile) I ſhall look upon her no more now, but as a Lady at your ſervice. The *King* ſeemed to ſlight that ſilly point; but continued his viſits with greater application than before, and ſent her continually moſt rich preſents, even in the ſight of *Madame*. In the Mean time, the King daily urged her to accept of a Houſe by her ſelf, which at length ſhe did; only (ſaid ſhe) that ſhe might have the greater conveniency of ſeeing him. He gave her the *Palace* of *Brion*, which he himſelf ſaw furniſhed with the richeſt Furniture in *France*, to be changed four times a Year: He hath honoured her Brother, though

a

man of little worth, with a brave employment, and procured him for Wife and Heireſs, with an eſtate conſiderable enough for a Prince. The *Queen* was out of all patience, and almoſt dead of Jealouſy, for ſhe Loves the *King* and the *King* Loves *La Valliere*. Whilſt matters ſtood thus, the *King* fell ſick at *Varſailes*, and during his diſtemper, his Mind ran continually on his Miſtreſs, whom he would not ſee for fear of putting her into danger; but when all fear was over, the Duke of St. *Agnan* by order from the *King* went for her and brought her to an adjoyning Chamber, where ſhe ſtaid a little, becauſe the *Kings* Bed-Chamber was full of Viſitants. No ſooner had the Duke entred, and acquainted the *King* that *La Valliere* was come; but he willing to do diſmiſs the Company, made a bow to the Prince, telling him he muſt needs Write and give anſwer to a Packet he had juſt then received, and ſo delay'd not a minute the ſeeing of his dear *La Valliere*. O Heavens! (ſaid ſhe upon her entrance, with a tone, ſpeaking the moſt tender paſſion) Fortune does again reſtore me to my deareſt Prince! Yes my ſweet Child (replyed he) to love you

more ardently than ever; with that he ſhew'd her the Letter ſhe had ſent him, which he carried in his Boſom, and was conceived in theſe Terms.

*IT is the report of all that you are very ill; perhaps it may be only raiſed to afflict me; it is likewiſe ſaid, that you are diſquieted at that late rumour: In theſe troubles, I demand from you the Life of my Lover, and I freely renounce the ſtate; yea and the whole World, What is the reaſon, if you love me as People ſay, that you will not ſee me? Farewell, ſend for me to Morrow; I mean if my anxiety ſuffer me to live till that day.*

The *King* kiſt that Letter before her a Thouſand times over, telling her, he was endebted to her for his Life and Tranquility: But ſome exceſs that he could not forbare with his beloved, caſt him into a Relapſe, and made him as bad as he was before. Nevertheleſs, his endeavour were not without effect, ſeeing at Nine Months end, *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* paid for her pleaſures by the pains of bring in into the World a little Daughter to the joy of the Father, whom it naturally reſembled. But to return

to

to the *Kings* in diſpoſition, which was more violent than laſting, you muſt know that he was no ſooner perfectly recoverd, but all the Ladies at Court made it their buſineſs to make him change his Love. *Madame de Chevreuſe*, who is now the tomb of Pleaſures as ſhe was heretofore the Temple, expecting nothing for herſelf; brought forth *Madame de Luynes*, one of the greateſt beauties in *France*, but of little or no Wit. The Dutches of *Soubize*, whoſe Eyes are continually pickeering, had better ſucceſs than the Princeſs of *Palatine*, and the Counteſs of of *Soiſſons*. The *King* it's true, imparted all to *La Valliere*, and made himſelf merry with it; and ſhe without ceremony, viſited the Princeſs *Palatine*, and profeſſed much civility and friendſhip to her. The *King* got Notice of it and was much vexed. How (ſaid he) ſo little Jealouſy? Ah! *Mademiſelle*, there can be no great Love then. Pardon me Sir, (anſwered ſhe) none are more Jealous in friendſhip than my ſelf; but I have too good an opinion of your Wit, to think that you would love a great Statue, and hug a lump of Snow. This gave no Satisfaction to the *King*, who in that point,

is the moſt uneaſy Man Living; inſomuch, that without any reaſon, for a whole Month together he did nothing but torment her and Croſs her: For ſome time ſhe endured all with extraordinary patience; but at length ſhe took him up roundly, which he ſuffer'd very quietly though diſpair appeared in his Eyes. Meeting with *Belfonds*, he told him that he was the happieſt of Men, in that Glory was the ſole Object of his Love. Ah! Sir (replyed *Belfonds* wittily) Glory is a Miſtreſs more tickleſs than a Woman; and I wiſh Heavens had given me a heart as ſenſible of Love, as it is of that other Paſſion; my life would thereby have been much more happy. The *King* fetcht a Sigh, and made no anſwer; but next day he ſaw *Mademoiſelle de La Motte* a brisk Beauty very agreeable, and full of Wit. He ſaid many obliging things to her, waited conſtantly on her, Sighed often; and in a word, did enough to make it be beleived that he was in Love with her, and to perſwade her Mother of the ſame; who chid her daughter for not Correſponding with the paſſion of ſo great a *Monarch*. All the Ladies that were friends to my Lady *Mareſchal*, met

to

to conſult about the matter, and having ſufficiently urged, that we live not now in the ſilly ſimplicity of our Fore-Fathers, where a bare peice of Gallantry was reckoned an affront; and when a Maid never heard of Love till her Wedding day; that the World was ſince grown more poliſhed and rational, and by a happy viciſſitude, Love and Gallantry had reception in all places: They leſſon'd that Lovely Young Lady, whoſe heart was ſecretly engaged to the Duke of *Richelieu*, which made her take no delight in the paſſion of the *King*, nor in the counſel of her Relations. In the mean time the *King* went daily to *La Valliere*, and there did nothing but Muſe and Read, without ſcarce ſpeaking a word. None but *Monſieur de Vardes*, and *de Baſſy*, touched on the right String; and dayly talked, that it was nothing but ſome little amorous diſguſt. In effect the *King* looked Yellow, went no more a Hunting, Laughed by conſtraint, and in a Humor, put himſelf quite out of Humor. He opened his mind to the Duke of St. *Aignan*, in ſuch terms as made it appear he was caught for ever. Yes, yes, (ſaid he to the Duke) if ever Man was to be pit-

tied, I am he; I do nothing but what Racks and Torments me, and ſometimes my very Crown is a Burden; I am as much in love St. *Agnan*, as Man can be, and but to ſure, that I am not beloved again, or but ſo faintly, as will never give me content. Is there any thing however, that I have not done, to make my ſelf beLoved; Speak St. *Agnan*, but ſpeak ſincerely, do I deſerve to be beloved? D'ont you ſee that all who have Loved in my Court, are incomparably better beloved than I? The Duke, who is a man of parts, and perceived that it was only the exceſs of the *Kings* Paſſion, that brought him to that paſs, ſpoke ſo obligingly for *La Valliere* that the *King* fell more in Love with her, and told him, that he could brag that he obſerved an inviolable fidelity to his Miſtriſs; but that he pretended to be beloved of her again. About Two of the Clock, the *King* had this diſcourſe with the Duke, and about Seven he was taken with ſtrange Pains in the Head, and cruel Vomitings. The *Duke* went to *La Valliere*, and told her word for word, what the *King* had ſaid to him. *La Valliere* made anſwer, that the *King*'s

Whimſies

Whimſies were the cauſe of all his troubles; but that for all that, ſhe was not of the humour to ask him Pardon for a Wrong ſhe was not guilty of, and that ſhe had cauſe to complain of him: And that it was not becauſe he was her *King* that ſhe had ſtudied to pleaſe him, but that ſhe would have done the ſame for any other, whom ſhe had loved ſo well.

In the mean time, the *King* had a very bad Night, and all the Court came to wait on him next Day. *de Vardes* ſaid a thouſand witty Things (which carryed a double Meaning) concerning his diſtemper; So that the Amorous Patient pray'd his Confident to go to his Miſtris, and to inform her of the Cauſe of his Indiſpoſition. She received it with extream Sorrow, and acknowledged her ſelf overwhelmed with Trouble; and that he would do her a great Kindneſs to carry that Note to the *King*, whereof theſe were the words.

*IF one knew the Cauſe of your Troubles, Life it ſelf ſhould not be ſpared to give you Eaſe. But, Good* God! *How vain a thing it is*

*to tell you ſo! It is not I, who give your Majeſty either Content or Diſpleaſure.*

The *Duke* made haſte to carry this Note to the *King* and found the Young *Queen* on his Bed-ſide. So ſoon as ſhe ſaw him St. *Agnan* ( cryed he ) I am a weak Man and much weaker than you can imagine. Upon that the *Queen* withdrew, and the *King* read over the Note twenty times. He made the *Duke* admire her way of Writing, but could not endure that cruel Word, *Your Majeſty*: And was ſtill ſpeaking of it, when *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* enter'd his Chamber with *Madame de Montauzeir*; to whom that Torch-light-Viſit was the occaſion of all thoſe Favours, which the *King* did afterwards beſtow upon her.

*Mountauzier*, for Conveniency and out of reſpect, withdrew to the end of the Room with the *Duke* and *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* ſate down on the *King*'s Bed-ſide, being in a negligent dreſs, which pleaſed the *King* very well who is obſervant of every thing; She beheld him with ſuch a Paſſionate and Languiſhing Look, as might aſſure him, that her Hears was eternally his: The *King* tranſ-

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ported with Joy, and having begg'd her Pardon, kiſſed her hand a Quarter of an Hour without ſpeaking a word, But How miſerable ſhould I be *Mademoiſelle*, if you took no pitty on me. In fine, they talked and conferred Notes together, ſpending, at leaſt five Hours in muttering, *I Love you, you were in the wrong, your Heart decives you, we had reaſon to be content, let us Love eternally.*

Thus they entertained themſelves with ſoft and tender Words; And upon my faith I beleive, (but am not certain on't) that the *King* who got next day to viſit *La Valliers*, did not ſpend it ſo after that Reconciliation. Never was a more happy Life than theirs. They have taken ſo much pains to perſwade one another of their fidelity, and mutual love that they have left no more ground to doubt of it.

*La Vallire* has with her *Mademoiſelle d' Artiny*, a Lady of high Quality, and Beautiful as an Angel, whom ſhe loved exceedingly, and is now her dear Confident: They ſtand not on ceremonies before her, *God* having endued her with a good commodious Diſpoſition.

*Madame de Soiſſons*, who thought her ſelf

ſelf heretofore much in Favor, has born very impatiently *La Valliere*'s Advancement; inſomuch that ſeeing her one day go before the Daughter of an *Advocate* of Parliament, on whom *Madame de Soiſſons* exceedingly doted, ſaid aloud to *Madame de Vantadour*; *I alwayes thought* La Valliere *was Crooked but never knew ſhe was Blind.* *La Valliere* who heard this, was ſenſibly touched therewith; and could not forbear to complain of it to the *King* with moſt biting and moſt *Satyrical* Words againſt *Madame de Soiſſons.* The *King* was highly offended, and ſaid to her as he was taking leave, ſpeak freely, *Mademoiſelle*, tell me what I ſhall do to thoſe that affront you? and be aſſured nothing will be impoſſible for me to give you Satisfaction.

As he was coming out of her Lodgings, he met the Duke of *St. Agnan*, whom he commanded to come into the Coach; but ſaid nothing to him there, only as he was ſtepping out: Well, (ſaid he) becauſe I love a Lady muſt all *France* hate her; but railing ſhall not do the work. I will have you go immediately to *Madame de Soiſſons*, and tell her that I forbid her the *Court*. The *Duke* ask't him, if he had

had well conſider'd on that Order: Yes (replyed the *King*) ſo well that I'le have you put it preſently in Execution: But durſt I be ſo bold, (anſwered the *Duke*) I would put you in mind that heretofore you had ſome Eſteem for *Madamo de Soiſſons*. I underſtand you, (replyed the *King*) that's as much as to ſay, that I have loved her; No, take my word, I never did: She had not Wit enough ever to make any impreſſion upon me, unleſs when at the Age of Fifteen, ſhe talked to me of Colours, which pleaſed me moſt; ſo that I ſhall not deprive my ſelf of any thing that might obſtruct the Revenge, which I owe to *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere*. I beleive it, (anſwered the *Duke*;) But Sir, have you no reſpect to a great Family, and to the Memory of her Uncle? How little do you know me, St. *Agnan*, (ſaid he) if you think, that the Conſideration of a Family is more powerful than that of a Miſtriſs? How! Muſt Maſter ſuch a one, ond Madame ſuch another, be permitted to inſult over a Perſon whom I Honor? Can they have a Reſpect for Me, who diſpiſe thoſe I Love? Can inſolence riſe higher than, to ſlight what the King eſteems? And in ſhort, is not *La Valliere*

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as good as a *Manchiny*? I wonder that *de Vardes*, who knows ſo well what it is to Love, hath not taught *Madame de Siſſons, that a Man is incomparably more concerned at that which is ſpoke againſt ones Miſtreſs, than himſelf.* Dod! theſe little Blades will in a ſhort time, give Rules to my Love! Parbleu! this is a happy State indeed; there is not a Gentleman in my Kingdom ſo inconſiderable, who will not have his Miſtriſs reſpected by his Friends and Servants: And a *King* cannot do the ſame? I proteſt tho, that come what will I ſhall do it, and will begin with *Madame de Soiſſons.* But (ſaid the *Duke*) have you well weighed the intereſt of *Mademoiſſelle de La Valliere*? Don't you think the *Queene* will be over-joyed to find a pretext of exclaiming againſt her; and giving out, that ſhe is only the Cauſe of diſorders; Ha! (replyed the *King* in great trouble) enough, enough; I have no more to ſay: but that I am the moſt unfortunate of all Men living. Can there be a man ſo mean, that does not revenge his Miſtriſſes Quarrel, and I cannot do it? You are in the right: The *Queens* will fall foul on that poor Lady; and hereafter, make it their buſineſs to

inſult

insult over her, and abuse her. My Ladies will like it they have so great a Kindness for me. having said so, the tears came trickling from his Eyes for Anger and Vexation.

The *Duke* went and gave *La Valliere* a faithful account of all that had passed; who sent by him this Letter.

*HOw I Love you my Dear! and how well do you deserve it! But I am vexed that my misfortunes do disturb your pleasures: But why call I that a misfortune, which is not so? No, I correct my self; for so long as my* Dear Prince *loves me I cannot be Unfortunate: Nothing can afflict me, but the loss of him. These are my Thoughts, let Yours be conformable; and let us slight those who have no power to injure us. Farewel, Illustrious Lover; come sooner than you are accustomed to do.*

No sooner received the *King* this Letter, but he immediately departed: And what kindness past between them in Word and Deed, there are some that Well know.

Whil'st Matters stood thus, the King saw the *Countess* of *Soissons* in the Garden of

of St. *Clou*, and put many ſlights upon her.

About a Fortnight after the *King* having ſpent his time with *La Valliere* from Noon till Four of the Clock next Morning, was coming to Bed; in his Chamber he found the Young *Queen* in her Petty-Coat ſitting by the fire with *Madam de Chevreuſe*, and being ſtill diſpleaſed with her upon *La Valliere*'s account, he asked her very coldly, why ſhe was not gone to Bed? I ſtaid for you (ſaid ſhe, with a dejected Countenance) By your Looks, (anſwered the the *King*) you are willing to ſtay very often for me. I know that very well (replyed ſhe) for you take much more Pleaſure in my Enemies, then in my Company. The *King* look'd upon her with ſome what of Diſdain, and told her in a jeering manner; Alas! *Madame*, How came you to be ſo well informed? And turning from her, Go to Bed (ſaid he) *Madame* and take your little reaſons to ſleep with you. The *Queen* was ſo touched at this, that ſhe threw her ſelf at the *King*'s Feet, who was walking in her Chamber. Well, *Madame* (ſaid he) what would you ſay? I would ſay, (anſwered the *Queen*) That do to me what you

you Pleaſe, I ſhall ever love you. And I ( ſaid the *King* ) ſhall ſo carry my ſelf, that you ſhall have no cauſe of trouble. But if you would oblige me, give no more ear to *Madame do Soiſſons* nor to *Madame de Nævilles*, the *King* named to her *Madama de Nævilles*, becauſe ſhe had claſhed with *La Valliere*; and perſiſting to urge, that *La Valliere* had never any Kindneſs for her, even before ſhe was in favour, the *King* dimiſſed both her and her Huſband.

Two months after the *King* took a fancy to have *La Valliere* introduced to the *Queens*; and ſhe had a great deſire to be received into their Favour, For that effect he ſpoke to *Madame de Mountauzier*; who by the *King*'s ſpecial Order, went immediately to the Chamber of the *Queen Conſort*. *Madame* ( ſaid ſhe to her ) it is the pleaſure of the *King*, that I muſt deliver to you a Comiſſion, which I am afraid will not be acceptable: It was not in my power to decline it: And the thing is *Madame*, that he intreats your Majeſty would receive *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere*, who is deſirous to pay you her Reſpects. She may forbare if ſhe pleaſe, there is no need of that, ( replyed the *Queen* )

*Queen*) But durſt I tell your Majeſty, (ſubjoyned *Madame de Montauzier*) that complying with the *King*'s deſire will certainly affect him; and on the contrary, your denial will exaſperate him: For in a word if the *King* love that Lady, your Reſervedneſs towards her, will never Cure him. So that you may do an act more glorious for your Majeſty, if you will overcome the little Repugnancy which with-ſtands the Will of the *King*; and if you think fit to follow the Example of ſo many Illuſtrious Ladies, who have nobly done ſo, when their Husbands were in Love. But *Madame* (interrupted the *Queen*) The way to ſee that Lady? I love the *King* and the *King* loves none but her. The King who over heard all came briskly in; and in his preſence ſo ſurprized the Queen, that ſhe bluſhed and fell a bleeding at the Noſe, which gave her a pretext to remove.

Three Days after ſhe was brought to Bed of a little *She-Black*, which had almoſt coſt her her Life. The whole *Court* were at their Prayers for her, the *Queen-Mother* melted in tears by her Bed-ſide, and the King appeared Melancholly; But ſtill continued his private Viſits to

*La*

*La Valliere*, and gave her a Thouſand marks of his Love.

In the mean time, the Young Queen, in Preſence of his Mother, and Confeſſor, prayed him to give *La Valliere* in marriage. The King, who cannot diſſemble, could not reſolve to grant their Deſire; only being put into a plunge, told them, That if ſhe was willing, he ſhould not oppoſe it; and that they might think on a Match for her. They thought of *Monſieur de Vardes*, as the Man at Court moſt qualified to inſinuate into a Ladies Affection. But *de Vardes* was over Head and Ears in Love with *Madame de Soiſſon*: So that when the Matter was propoſed to him, he fell a Laughing, and told them, they were very Pleaſant; but he was not a Man for Matrimony. *Madame*, who knew *de Vardes* his Paſſion for the Counteſs of *Soiſſons*, gave her a Viſit, to condole with her, if her Lover ſhould conſent to that Marriage: And upon that occaſion, offered her her Services, by engaging the *Count de Guiche* (the Marqueſs his intimate Friend) to diſſuade him from it. Theſe are the two admirable Gallants, that have contracted together ſo ſtrict a Tye of Friendſhip, and

are the Confidents of one anothers Amours.

*De Vardes* paid a Viſit to the Counteſs, and made her exceedingly prize the Refuſal he had made of *La Valliere:* For (ſaid he to her) it is not nicety; I value not the Familiarity that the King has had with her. The late *Count de Moret*, my Father, who was as much a Gentleman as any in *France*, married one of the Miſtreſſes of *Henry the Fourth*, from whom I am Deſcended. You may believe then, that that would not ſtartle me: Beſides, having no Kindneſs for the King, I ſhould be over-joyed to rob him of his Delights. But, *Madame*, (continued he, with a paſſionate and charming Accent!) it is your eyes that hinder me, which would never after look upon me again with Kindneſs; or rather, it is the Poſſeſſion, of your Illuſtrious Heart, which I ſhould juſtly forfeit, did I but yield to give you ſuch a Diſcontent. I ſwear by your Self, (which to me is a ſacred Thing) that I ſhall never conſent to any Engagement, how advantagious ſo ever it might prove to me. The Counteſs was ſo Charmed with thoſe generous and tender Sentiments of her Lover, that ſhe could not tell how to expreſs to him her Joy. *Madame*,

*Madame*, accompanied with the *Count de Guiche*, came juſt in the Nick of this their Extaſie; to whom they imparted all: And this was a Pleaſant Society united amongſt them, every one promiſing mutual good Offices to one another.

In the mean time, our two Loving Couple reſolved to break up a Commerce more Virtuous and Witty, than their own: For that Effect they Wrote a Letter to the *Signora Molina*, which the *Count* turned into *Spaniſh*; whereby they informed her of the Slight the King made of the Queen, the Love he had for *La Valliere*, and ſeveral other things of that Nature. For it is to be obſerved, that the Indignation of *Madame* againſt *La Valliere* ſtill laſted; and that the Counteſs mad, that her Lover was deſigned for her.

The *Signora Molina* ſhewed the King this Letter, who let *De Vardes* ſee it; and complained of it to him, as a faithful Friend. *Love muſt certainly be a Violent Paſſion, in that it changes Mens Inclinations in a trice:* For *De Vardes* is known to be a Man of Sincerity, and even Ingenuity it ſelf: Nevertheleſs, his Remorſe for

that Perfidiouſneſs towards his King, was but Superficial; it laſted but from the *Louvre*, to the *Hotel de Soiſſons*: Where finding his Miſtriſs and Confidents, they rally'd the King with much liberty, calling him *Bragadocio*, as if the Pleaſures of Love were only for his Enjoyment. The *Count* and *Madame* ſent often to one another Letters in theſe Terms, becauſe the King had debarred them a little from the Freedom of their Viſits.

About this time it was, that the *Count*, diſguiſing himſelf in Womens Apparel, was obſerved in the Room, by the Queen of *England*: And it was ſhortly after, that the King commanded him to go to *Marſeilles*, and to depart the very ſame Day, without going to wait on *Madame*. God knows how he obſerved that Order; for the ſame Hour he came to ſee her in his Boots: Well! *Madame*, (cryed he at the Door) I brave the King, and the Supreme Powers, that I may come and take my Leave of you; and am too Happy, if you alone (who are to me All in All) do but aſſure me, that into what Place my wretched Fortune ſhall guide me, you will ſtill wiſh me well. Yes, *Madame*, as I am now tranſported with Grief, I neither

ther fear the Anger of the King, nor that of the Queens: I am only apprehenſive of the Rigor of a long Abſence. No (replied *Madame*, all in Tears, and Embracing him in her Arms) No, no, dear *Count*, nothing ſhall ever deſtroy the Affection, which I have bequeathed to you; and I ſhall not be behind with you, in deſpiſing every thing: Only love me, my Dear, and never forget me. So after many Lamentations and Embraces, they were neceſſitated to ſeparate.

Shortly after, ſome malicious Deſigns were framed againſt the Life of *La Valliere*: For the King, who loved her more paſſionately than ever, and who diſcovered the Greatneſs of her Affection, (when that Propoſition of Marriage was made to her) viſited her thrice a Day with an Aſſiduity that gave ſufficient Marks of his Love; not but that ſhe was extreamly concerned at the Liberty which he allowed her before the Queens, of taking a Husband: Are you the ſame (ſaid ſhe) that I have heard ſwear, that the moſt cruel of Deaths, is nothing in in reſpect of ſeeing the Perſon whom one loves, in the Arms of another? Are you He that ſaid, That on ſuch occaſion

Daggers and Poiſon were the only Remedies? No, no, you are not; but to my great Misfortune, I am ſtill the ſame I was: Yet nevertheleſs, I perceive it was now time for me to examine my Reſolution, and to try if my Courage will be able to afford me any Conſolation, when I ſhall ſhortly be deprived of your Heart. But (replied the King) put your ſelf in my Place, and in God's Name tell me, what you would have anſwered? What could I have ſaid leſs, ſeeing a Queen at the Point of Death, conjuring me to give you in Marriage? How could I have ſpoke ſo cruelly as you would have had me, that I would do nothing? Was in not enough to ſay, That if you were willing, I ſhould not be againſt it? Had I ſo much Reaſon ſtill to doubt of your Paſſion, as not to rely on your Fidelity? No, I did you more right in truſting to the Sincerity of your Heart: How many would there have been, who not being ſo averſe from Treachery as I am, would have granted all to a dying Queen: But thanks to my Love and and Integrity, I could never ſo far prevail upon my ſelf, as to ſay that I would endeavour it. Now that my Vertue is ſo ſcrupulous, will you not confide

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in me? Do not you credit my Words as your own Eyes? There is nothing more certain, (anſwered *La Valliere*) than that I believe you have much Vertue: Ah! if it be poſſible, my dear Prince, have as much Love; for in ſhort, I now declare to you, that it is eaſie for me to dye, but that it is impoſſible for me to ſhake off an Engagement ſo powerful as yours; and that I had rather renounce to live, than to be without the charming Hopes that you have given me: Love me then, for if you give over, I well perceive that after the Loſs of your Heart, my Life will ſeem tedious to me. What a baſeneſs would it be, (cryed the King, embracing her Knees!) if having heard what now I hear, any but you ſhould ever get Poſſeſſion of my Heart. So having aſſured her of an Eternal Conſtancy, he bid her farewel till next Day.

About this time it was (as I told you) when the King ſpent almoſt whole Nights with her, never leaving her until Three of the Clock; that one Night, juſt as he was gone, and ſhe began to fall aſleep, her little Dog awakened her by his Barking, and ſhe hearing a Noiſe at her Win-

dows, and the Tread of Feet in her Chamber, fled into her Maids Room: All the People of the Houſe ſaw the Ladders of Cord, which made ſo great a Noiſe next Morning, that it came to the King's Ears, and he immediately went to her, that he might learn the Truth of the Matter. So ſoon as he had it from her own Mouth, he was ſtrangely troubled; and the ſame Week appointed her Guards, and a Steward of her Houſe, who was to taſte of every thing ſhe ſhould Eat. Every one diſcanted on this according to their Humor; but the Wiſer knew from whence the Bolt was ſhot. Since that Accident the King's Love has daily increaſed, and the fear of loſing her has made him many times grow Pale in Company. *Madame*, who is not altogether of that Temper, continued her Diverſions, tho' the Count of *Guiche* was abſent: One Day when ſhe was diſcourſing with the King, ſhe endeavoured again to wheadle him; for pulling a Handkerchief out of her Pocket, ſhe dropt a Letter written by *Monſieur de Vardes*, which gave a Poſitive Account of the whole Letter that was written to the *Signora Molina*, concerning the King's

Love

Love for *La Valliere*, and wherein ( as it was his Cuſtom ) he called him Young *Bragadocio:* Never was man more ſurprized than the *King* was: And finding that *de Vardes*, in whom he confided, was a complice in the trick. he ſpoke of it to *Madame* without paſſion, but with extream Grief, which gave ſufficient evidence of his good diſpoſition: She who valued nothing, provided ſhe could juſtify the *Count de Guiche* frankly confeſſed to the *King* the whole intriegue of the Counteſs of *Soiſſons* and *de Vardes*: the *King* ſent for *de Vardes*, and having bitterly reproached him for his infidelity, baniſhed him. The Trouble that Madame *de Soiſſons* was in, cannot be expreſt, when ſhe came to know this News, which *de Vardes* informed her of by this Letter.

*I Would tell you, Madame, the Nature of my Grief were I not a fraid to involve you in my Misfortune, which I ſhould embrace with Courage, did it not ſeparate me from you for ever. I expect from Deſpair a ſudden death, that will put an End to all my Miſeries, and give me that Repoſe, which for a long time I wanted. In* God's *Name, Madame, now and then beſtow a thought upon*

*an*

*an Honeſt, but unfortunate Lover; and make a generous Reſolution not to be diſcouraged at the croſſes you are to meet with, Ah! Madame, were I with you at this Minute, I would diſcloſe my Heart at your Feet.*

*Madame* went to viſit her, and endeavored to comfort her, aſſuring her that *Monſieur de Vardes* would ſpeedily return which eaſed her a little: But at length finding no accompliſhment of her Promiſes and having recommended to her the Care of her Lover, and uppraided her Treachery, ſhe loſt all Patience; and finding the *King* in one of her Fits of Anger, diſcovered all to him; not valuing her own ruine, if ſhe could but undo the *Count de Guich.* She ſucceeded in her Enterprize, for the *King* ordered him to be Baniſhed: Next both She and her Husband, took the pains to taſt of the ſame cup; and none but *Madame* eſcaped whom the *King* hath never ſince loved nor eſteemed.

During thoſe Tranſactions, the *Duke of Nazarin*, who plays the Saint, demanded private audience of the *King*, and had it; In his diſcourſe he entertained the *King* with a viſion that he had, the whole King-

dom

dom was like to be turned topſie turvey if he forſook not *La Valliere*; and gave him that advice in the name of God: And I (replyed the *King*) counſel you in my own Name, to have a care of your brain, which is ſadly out of frame; and to make Reſtitution of all that your Uncle hath unjuſtly got: The *Duke* made a moſt humble Reverence, and marched off.

Poor Father *Annat* (the *King*'s Confeſſour) inſpired by the *Queens*, went to him likewiſe, and pretended a deſire to leave the *Court*, cunningly inſinuating, that it was becauſe of his commerce with *La Valliere*. The *King* Laughing, bid him freely be gone. The *Father* finding himſelf ſnapt, would have taken up the Matter; but the *King* ſtill Laughing, told him, that hereafter he would have none but his *Pariſh-Prieſt*. It cannot be expreſſed, how much all of his Order were offended at him, for his Lack of Prudence.

Two or Three Months after, the *Queen-Mother* reſolved to make her laſt attempt: She ſpoke to him in the Accent of a Mother, and with Terms of tender affection; praying his Majeſty to reflect on the Scandal that his publick Love occaſioned. The *King*, who is not to be played with

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on that point, and who is ſtedfaſt in his Reſolutions, replyed to her; Ah! *Madame*, ſhould one beleive all that is ſpoken? I thought that your *Majeſty*, leaſt of any, ſhould have preached that Goſpel: However ſince I never made Obſervations on other Peoples affairs, I think they ought to do the like as to mine. The Prudent *Queen* held her Peace.

The *King* at night in his Cloſet, calling to mind that Converſation, ſaid openly, that he could not indure thoſe Creatures who having loved with all imaginable liberty themſelves, will needs cenſure the Actions of others; and becanſe Pleaſures forſake them, they are mad that any ſhould be in a condition of Enjoyments; when we are weary of Loving and Living, we ſhall ſpeak as they do. Conſider (ſaid he) *Madame de Chevreuſe*, Can any thing be bolder, than that that Womnn ſhould ſpeak againſt Gallantry? A Dutches of *Eguilon* alſo a Princeſs of *Carignan*, and generally all the Ladies at *Court*, are much the ſame. Then turning towards *Roquelaure*, In good Faith (continued he) Gallantry hath alwayes been, and will ever be: Thoſe that are not talked of, are either more ſecret in their

Affairs

Affairs, or mannage them with ſome baſe and inſignificant fellow, or, in a word, are ſo ſilly, that no Body minds them. The *King* being in a good Humour, had a little Fling at all our Ladies; he ſpoke of *Madame de Chaſtillon*, and the *Prince*, *Madame de Luines*, with the Preſident *Tambonneau*, the Princeſs of *Monacco*, with *Pegelin*, the Ladies of *Angouleſme*, *Vitry*, *Valentinois*, *Vienne*, *Soubize*, and *Brezy*; with their Beloved *Feuillade*, *de Vivonne*, *le Teleiere* and *Humieres*; and heartily Laughed at all.

Next a day troubleſome accident changed his Joy into Grief; for being with his Miſtreſs as Fine and Lovely as an *Adonis* and engaged in a concern wherein a third Party is never admitted, the poor Soul was taken with that diſtemper, which makes Women cry out ſo much, and that with ſo much Violence, and terrible Fits, that never was Man in more Perplexity, than our *Monarch*. All in diſorder he called out at the Windows for help, and bid in all haſt, call the Ladies *Montauzier*, and *de Choiſi*, whil'ſt a Maid of *La Vallieres* ran for the common Mid-Wife; but all came too late, to ſave the moſt ſtately Veſt that ever was, (being em-

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broidered and ſet with Diamonds and Pearls )from carrying of ſame marks of the diſorder. The Ladies upon their Arrival found the *King* ſweating like an *Ox*, having ſupported *La Valliere* in her pains; who was ſo cruel as to make him tear a Whisk worth a thouſand Crowns, whilſt ſhe hung a bout his Neck. She could ſuffer no other hands to come near her, but thoſe that are appointed for the managing of Scepters and Crowns. In a word, in this Juncture, the *King* did Things, if not beſeeming and neat, at leaſt very paſſionate. It is certain, that he was like to Dye, ( when , *Madame de Choiſi* cryed like a Fool ) ſhe is dead; *Madame de Mountauzier* beleived it alſo; for ſhe ſounded a away in a violent fit. In the Name of God ( cryed the *King* bath'd in tears, reſtore me *La Valliere* and take all that I have! He was upon his knees at the foot of the Bed, immoveable as a Statue, unleſs now and then, when he made ſuch Lamentable and Heavy out-cries, that the Ladies and Phyſicians ſeem'd drowned in tears: at length ſhe came to her ſelf again, and looking about her for the *King*, *Madame de Mountazier* deſired him draw near the Bed: She ſqueezed his hand

hand; but with ſo much weakneſs, that the *Kings* Grief increaſing, they were fain to pull him from her, and lay him on a Bed.

It was a little Boy that gave ſo much Trouble to our Maſter: Which was quickly mitigated by the Soveraign Medicines that were adminiſtred by the Phyſicians. So ſoon as ſhe was a little eaſed of her pains ſhe asked *Madame de Montauzeir*; What ſhe thought of the *King*'s Love? but in ſuch a manner as being her ſelf raviſhed therewith. *Madame de Mountauzier*, who was indeed ſurprized at what ſhe had ſeen, told her ſincerely, That one could not have too much love for a Prince, who loved ſo paſſionately.

It cannot be expreſſed, how Affectionately he thanked our Ladies; aſſuring them, that he ſhould make Royal acknowledgments, for the Service they had then done him: And in truth it is well ſeen, that he hath been as good as his Word. *La Valliere* cannot have too great an Eſteem of the Marks that the *King* has given her of his love; it being certain that his heart is naturally ſo dilicate, that he cannot endure the impurities of a Child-

Bed;

Bed; and hath always been obſerved with great Reluctancy to enter the *Queens* Chamber when ſhe was in that condition Nevertheleſs he was conſtantly nailed to *La Valliere's* Beds-Head, and with his own Hands gave her Broths, and did often eat in her preſence. But for all the Care and Pains he was pleaſed to take, his fair one is almoſt quite bent to one Side, which is much weaker than the other; and withall, ſo terribly Extenuated, that nothing now renders her Body Lovely, but the Charms of her Wit; which indeed does make ſuch daily improvement, that in all Appearance, the Love of thoſe Two is like to be perpetual.

*La Valliere* is certainly the object of that great paſſion which will alwaies raviſh the Heart and Soul of the *King*; all others being but ſudden flaſhes, deſigned only for the ſatisfaction of his body, and to expire with the enjoyment. It is my opinion likewiſe that the *Count de Guich* will for ever Love *Madame*; But I will not affirm that *Madame* will alwayes love the *Count*, for that Fair Princeſs cares not for old prentenſions; and if ſhe do nothing yet ſure I am ſhe'll give people occaſion to think enough.

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In the mean time, the *Count* hath written to his Father, beſeeching him to employ his intereſt, to procure the places that were his, to be conferred upon his Brother the *Count* of *Lovigny*: That he is reſolved never to ſet Foot in *France*; but more than death to ſhun that Miſerable and Ungrateful Country: That he has no Love nor eſteem for his King, no Virtuous nor Generous Friends, nor any agreeable Society, ſeeing the Wife whom he marryed by his order, does no ways pléaſe him; that he cannot, nor never could Live contentedly with her, that it was a weak reaſon to alledge to him her Beauty, ſince none of her charms affected him: That therefore, he would be pleaſed to ſell his Eſtate, which he knew well enough where to ſettle again; and that no Countrey is ſo pleaſant, as that where one Loves. The *Mareſcal* was greived at this; but has armed himſelf with Reſolution.

Madames Vexation hath been much more Violent; and ſhe hath choſe the Dutches of *Crequi*, for the confident of her grief. This is one of the Loveliеſt Ladies at *Court*: She is tall and Brown her Eyes glance Languiſhing Looks, her

Mouth is pretty, and has extraordinary Wit; She is a little Melancholly, and inclined to Devotion: But Nature in her now and then, ſurpaſſes Grace, a good *Catholick* but better *Roman*. I know not how St. *Peter* will pardon her for having invaded his territores, and ſhared with him in his Empire. I ſpeak now of my Jolly *Legate*, who every one knows to be the handſom'ſt man living; and that none under an Angel, can challenge from him the prerogative of Beauty. He is of a vaſt Wit, couragious, inſinuating, underſtands the Knack of Flattery: He hath a very tender heart for Women, is very Honeſt and paſſionately loves my Lady *Crequi*, who without doubt is not Ungrateful: Both *Church* and *Court* do Eccho her Conqueſts; for the *Count* of *Froulay* is alſo much in love with her. But to conſider him one would think that Love were the God of the ſick or of the mad, he made ſuch hidious cryes and Lamentations. But we will leave him there, that we may liſten to *Madame*; who complains to the Dutcheſs, of the little care the *Count* takes to ſend her News of him.

Well now, my Dear (ſaid ſhe) what think you

you of that ungrateful Man, who having received a thouſand marks of my tender Affection, hath left me without hopes of returning, abandoned to the extremity of Sorrow. I know (poor Wretch!) that the *King*'s Order made him withdraw: I acknowledg that my Dear; But you will likewiſe grant, that if he love me ſo paſſionately as he hath always profeſſed, he would labour to pacify the *King*. But, Alas! it is to evident that the averſion he hath from him, and reſentment againſt his Enemies, is attributed to the Love he hath for me. Having then wiped her fair Eyes, She made two *Stanza*'s of a Song, and ſung them to a Melancholly Air.

I.

*Fair* Iris *by a River, ſide,*
*(Her lovely eyes ore flow'd with tears)*
*Thus to Young* Celimene *cry'd;*
*Ah! nouriſh in thy breaſt juſt Fears*
*Of Men for they our tender Sex*
*Still with their foul inconſtancies perplex.*

II.

*Beleive not, lovely Maid, tho Men*
*With eager Vows perſue thy Love:*
*With coldneſs anſwer them agen;*
*Thee, never let their courtſhips move.*
*For be the Traitors but one Week away,*
*They their falſe vows will to another pay.*

This my Dear (ſaid ſhe to the *Dutcheſs*) is my opinion of all Men in general: Not that I doubt, but that there are ſome ſeceret Familiarities, where one may find fidelity and Conſtancy. Ha! *Madame* (replyed the *Dutcheſs*) you are much in the right: There are ſome happy people in the World, who make no noiſe nor deſire any other Witneſſes of their Integrity than themſelves; and without doubt that is the Greateſt. But I profeſs I cannot be perſwaded that Love which marches with Drums beating, and Colours flying, can be paſſionate and ſincere, no certainly it never is. Men have a kind of pride to outſtrip their Rivals; and it is Vanity that makes Ladies retain their Slaves: They would be extreamly vexed if it were not talked of at Court, That *Monſieur* the *Duke*,

*Duke*, *Monſieur* the *Count*, *Monſieur le Chevalier*, is in love with *Madame* ſuch a one: They are much more taken with the Pomp and Expence, than with Sighs and tears; ſo that it is no wonder, if ſuch commerce break up: For as Handſom Women are every where to be found, ſo Men recover as faſt as they loſe. But *Madame*, it is not ſo eaſy to find Ladies of clear Underſtanding, who are above Trifles, who have a tender and delicate Heart, and only love their Gallants for their Virtue, Love, and Fidelity. Never, (interrupted *Madame*) never did I ſo well before conceive the Pleaſures of a Secret Love: And indeed, *Dutches*, I perceive that our Lovely *Legate* hath inſpired into you a wiſe and diſcerning Heart; you ſhall tell me ſome Particulars of that at S. *Clou*, where I ſhall intreat your Company for ſome Days. She promiſed to do ſo, and parted on theſe terms.

Let us return to the *King*, who talks more at eaſe than theſe Ladies, of the Delight he takes in Loving, and in being Beloved.

The *Duke* of St. *Agnan*, and *Madame de Montauzeir*, thoſe he entertained, when upon a debate ariſing betwixt the Duke

Lady, concerning the effects of a prompt inclination; The *King*, to ſhew either his Wit, or his Memory, I know not which; but it is certain, that he wrote in a Table-Book, and ſhewed theſe Four Lines.

*How little is true, what ſome beleive,*
*That Hearts at the firſt ſight, do Love conceive.*
*And yet theſe Flames are kindled by a Glance,*
*That after to the greateſt Heights advance.*

It is to be well conſidered how Divine and Ravſhing this is. He would have *Madame de Mountauzeir*, who does whatever he pleaſes, write likewiſe ſomething concerning her Love, ſhe declined it as much as ſhe could, but at length made theſe following Lines upon what the *King* ſaid, that he was reſolved to ſatisfy his own Heart; and that he Laughed at thoſe who ſpent their Life in cenſuring the Actions of others.

*Thoſe tender Sentiments, can any blame,*
*That now your Heart to gentle Love do frame?*

*Since*

*Since all Men know, Love's ſoft yet noble Heat.*
*Makes a Young Prince both generous and great.*
*Love in a* Monarch *greatly I eſteem,*
*And think a Quality ſo worthy him.*
*That where 'tis wanting one may all Things fear,*
*As one may all Things hope, if Love appear.*

The *King* returned the Praiſes that *Madame de Montauzier* had given him, and obliged the Duke alſo to employ his Muſe; which indited to him theſe Verſes.

*Yes, mighty Love is of all Paſſions* King,
*And does attendant Virtues with him bring.*
*He ſpurs on noble hearts to their great Fate,*
*And every* Hero's *Breaſt does animate.*

*Madame de Mountauzier* had more Wit than to neglect ſo fair an occaſion of making her Court to the *King*: She told him that his Joy was imperfect, if *La Valliere* ſaw not little poetical Converſation: The *King* liked it well, and thought fit to puzzle her in ſendnig it by an unknown Hand, which they did; and there-to ſhe added what follows.

*Nothing ſo pleaſant can one ever find,*
*As Love which merit kindles in the mind:*
*Could any joys upon poor Mortals ſmile,*
*If love from Human-life were in exile?*
*Ah! no; for love to live its Pleaſures gave;*
*Life without Love, can ſmall Enjoyments have.*

The ſame Perſon that carry'd the Table-Book to her, brought it back again, and the *King* appeared as impatient to ſee the Anſwer, and opened the Book with as much Diſorder, as if he had expected the News of Victory, or Loſs of ſome great Battle: So true it is that the meaneſt thing coming from the Hands of a Miſtreſs is of great Conſequence to a Lover. He was raviſhed to find Verſes in that paſſionate ſtrain, which he beleived were compoſed to encourage him in his Love; ſo he ſtaid not long before he went, and gave her proofs thereof: He preſently render'd her a Viſit though he found her as paſſionte as ſhe uſed to be yet he found her in extream Melancholly which was occaſioned (as ſhe profeſſed) by the Fear ſhe had, that he would not al-

alwayes love her with the ſame Fervency: For (continued ſhe) think not that my Glaſs deceives me; I well perceive, that for the future my perſon is not like to prove too agreeable; I have loſt almoſt all that could pleaſe: And in a Word, have reaſon to fear, that Your Eyes having no more Satisfaction in me, you will caſt them on ſome of the Beauties of your Court, that may give them more content: However, I dare be bold to ſay, that you ſhall never find in another, what you have found in me. I underſtand what you would ſay (replyed the *King*, with extream paſſion;) yes I know that I ſhall never find in any, thoſe Divine Characters that have charmed my heart; that I ſhall never find in any but your ſelf, that admirable and raviſhing Wit, which can render ones Life Happy and Pleaſant with you in the Solitude of remoteſt Deſerts. Wrong not then, by your Unjuſt Suſpicions a Prince who adores you; and beleive, that I ſhall never find in any that Heart that I eſteem ſo much, and on the Fidelity whereof, I wholly rely. I fancy there is none but it, that can Love as I deſire to be Beloved. What Trouble ſhould I have to diſcern whether thoſe

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frisking Lasses loved me or my Grandeur, whether they delight to see a *King* at their feet. would not please them more than the excess of my love, could move their passion? But as for you, I am perswaded, you have a Soul above Crowns and Diadems; that I please you better in the Quality of a Passionate *Lover*, than in the Character of a great and powerful *King*; and that you sometime desire, that I had not been born of a Throne, that you might have enjoyed me with greater freedom. Think with your self then if knowing your sentiments to be so Virtuous and Heroick, I can ever change for the Beauty of some Faces, which the least Fit of Sickness can destroy. No, no, *Madame*; imagine not that it was the Lustre of your Complexion, or the Sparkling of your Eyes, that hath Charmed me; you gained me by your lovely Qualities, and shall never lose me whil'st I enjoy Life. In a word it was the integrity of your Soul, your Wit, and Heart, which have fettered my Liberty, and engaged me to your Devotion. How Good you are, my Dear Prince (replyed she) to employ the force of your eloquence to assure a Heart whose too much fear pro-

proceeds only from too much love! How happy am I that I love a Prince who ſees ſo clearly into my Heart: Yes (continued ſhe, embracing him) you have reaſon to beleive, that I was not dazled with your greatneſs, that I had no regard to your Crown when I loved you; and that your Perſon alone was the the object of my deſires, it is beleive me to amiable to ſtand in need of Thrones and Scepters, to add to its Worth, and would to God, I had a Thouſand Times ſaid to my ſelf, that my Dear Prince had no other Fortune and Eſtate, but what his Virtue hath entailed upon him, and that I might with him ſpend my life in a private Condition remote from Court and Grandure; but love has not long ſuffered me to make ſo unjuſt a Wiſh. I am too well convinced, that no man living but your ſelf deſerves to Command us, and that Heaven without injuſtice) could place nothing over us but ſuch illuſtrious Vertues as yours, which ought to be encompaſſed with Crowns and Purple. Tho I cannot in Modeſty (replyed the *King*) hear ſo high praiſes without ſome Confuſion; yet I cannot deny, your Diſcourſe has infinitely pleaſed me: For to be ſhort

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nothing is ſo ſweet as to be eſteemed by the perſon whom one loves: and no Satisfaction Comes near that.

*Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* once more told the *King*, that ſhe would betake herſelf to a *Nunnery*, in caſe his paſſion towards her diminiſhed. And it cannot be imagined what an affectionate Anſwer the *King* made her.

When the *King* was gone *La Valliere* went to viſit the *Princeſs*; with whom were many Ladies of the Court, and ſeveral Accompliſhed Gentlemen.

Sometime after the *King* came with much ſatisfaction in his looks, the *Dutcheſs* of *Mazarine* being there, flurted out two or three blunt ſayings to *Monſieur de Rochquelaur*: At which the *Prince* of *Courtenay* (who was in love with her) was ſo aſhamed that he bluſhed: The *King* perceiving it in a Fit of Laughter roſe up and told *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* pretty ſoftly, That he thank't her for the Care ſhe took, to ſpeak nothing but what was agreeable, and he would have dyed, if he had met with that which happened to the *Prince* of *Courtenay*. *La Valliere* likewiſe laughing told him that ſhe had reaſon alſo to thank him for the Greatneſs

neſs of his Wit, and that ſhe perceived that ſhe ſhould have been hardly put to it as well as he, if ſhe had met with the like misfortune. The truth is *Monſieur de Buſſy*, who heard them, ſaid that no body could treat a Subject more Pleaſantly and maliciously than they handled that point.

In the mean time, the *Dutcheſs* of *Crequi* failed not to wait on *Madame* at the day appointed, for their going to St. *Clou*: There ſhe found *Phiſon* who was coming to ſee one of *Madames* Maids that were ſick: He is *La Vallieres* Phiſician, a Witty and Merry Man. When he underſtood the ladies diſtemper, courage (ſaid he) I have remedies for all things even for the hearts of lovers. Good now (replyed *Madame*) tell me them quickly; for I have Ten or Twelve that I would willingly cure provided it coſts me no more but ſome garden herbs. Ha! *Madame* (anſwered he) it coſts me not ſo much as Herbs it coſts me nothing but Words. In fine, *Phiſon* that would ſacrifice any thing for *Madames* Diverſion, told her how the *King* had ſent for him, and with much earneſtneſs if *Mademoiſelle La Valliere* could certainly live, and if her leanneſs was not a bad preſage. And what

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anſwer did you give him (replyed *Madame*?) How! (ſaid he) can your highneſs doubt of that? I aſſure you that I aſſured him of her long life with as much boldneſs, as if I had Credentials from God Almighty: I ſpoke like a man skilful in life, death and deſtiny. And perceiving the *Kings* Joy, I was within an Ace of Promiſing that Lady Immortallity. Good God! (cryed *Madame*) What ſecret Charms has that Creature, to inſpire ſo great a Paſſion? I aſſure you (replyed *Phiſon*) her Body does not afford them. *Madame* diſmiſſed *Phiſon* and prayed him to acquaint her with all his little News.

An hour after our two ladies took Coach for St. *Clou*: Going thither they meet *Madame de Chevreuſe*, with her concealed Husband *Monſieur de L' Agies*: But their heads at that time running on *La Vallieres* good Fortune, they had no diſcourſe of the happineſs of thoſe Two Perſons; tho' I know none greater. She ask't therefore the *Dutcheſs*, if ſhe knew any thing more happy than that Lady. Yes, *Madame* (replyed boldly the *Dutcheſs*) I know my ſelf to be happier than ſhe, when I ſee the *Legate*, for he is certainly a thouſand times more charmig than the *King*.

Ha!

Ha! (anſwered *Madame*) but the *King* tho, is too lovely for ſuch a creature as ſhe; and there are but few that can diſpute any thing with him. But *Madame* (replyed the *Dutcheſs*, with ſome Anger) you your ſelf cannot deny, but the *Cardinal Legat* is beyond compariſon Handſomer, Genteeler, and in my mind, more Witty than the *King*: As for Tenderneſs, and Paſſion, my Heart is ſufficiently ſatisfyed with that. It is certain, what you ſay (anſwered *Madame*) that the *Legat* has a better and more genteel Meen than the *King*; but as to Wit, you muſt know, that none can have more than the *King* hath with her whom he loves, nor yet greater Reſpect. Once more, *Madame* you know not how agreeable the *King* is, in private with a Lady, for whom he has a Paſſion: Imagine that one told you, that ſhe is the only Perſon in the whole World, whom he eyes with as much love and paſſion at the laſt minute of a Viſit ſeven or eight Hours long, as he did at the firſt; he ſacrifices every thing to her, appears wholly to depend on her, and does her a thouſand little kind Offices. In fine if what *Madame d' Artiny* told one of my Friends be true, as I do beleive it

is,

is, I know no man who loves ſo well as the *King*. How! *Madame*, no not the *Count de Guiche*? He is indeed Lovely (reply'd *Madame*) but not ſo paſſionate as the *King*. With that the *Dutcheſs* prayed her to perform the promiſe ſhe had made, to give her a ſhort Account, how ſhe came to diſcover that the *King* was in love with *La Valliere*. *Madame* condeſcended, and did it in theſe Terms.

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# THE HISTORY OF THE *King's* Feign'd Amour FOR Madame.

YOu'l certainly confeſs, my dear that it is ſomewhat pleaſant for a *Princeſs* of my Quality, to be made the May-game of ſuch a Girl as *La Valliere*; yet this hath been my Caſe: And ſeeing you were not at that time at *Paris* I'le tell you the whole adventure.

You muſt know then, that ſhortly after I was Married to *Monſieur*, whom I could never love, the *King* who I think is in the ſame terms with the *Queen*, came pretty often to ſee me, and complained of the troubles of his heart, in no obliging or gallant manner; that ſince the

departure of *Madame de Collona*, he ſpent but few Hours of his Life, which ſeemed not tedious to him: this he often told us in preſence of the greateſt Beauties in *France*; and tho' we found his way not altogether ſo Courtly, yet we ſtrove who ſhould give him moſt Diverſion.

Being one day more Penſive than ordinary, *Monſieur de Rocquelaure* to draw him out of his dumpiſh Fit, unhappily fell into one of his merry Humours; and perſonating one of my Maids who was deeply in love with the *King*, ſaid that he would ſee the *King* no more, for the repoſe and quiet of his own heart, with many other things of that Nature, which *La Valliere* had really ſpoken, you know that he has a drolling way in what ever he ſayes; and then ſucceeded in it ſo well that he diverted the *King*, and whole Company. The *King* ask't who ſhe was but having obſerved no ſuch thing, he was not curious to inform himſelf further: Only was much taken with the Buffooneries of the *Sieur de Rocquelaur*.

Three days after the *King* going out of my Chamber eſpied *Mademoiſelle de Tonnechalaute* paſs by: *Rocquelaur* (ſaid he (I ſhould be glad that were ſhe who is in love with me. No Sir (replyed *Rocquelaure*) but there ſhe is, (pointing to *La-*

*val-*

*Vallière*: )To whom he ſaid in Preſcence of us all, with a very pleaſant Accent; come hither my pretty Languiſhing Eyes who can'ſt not love below a *Monarch*, This peice of raillery ſo extreamly diſcompoſed her, that ſhe was quite out of countenance, tho' the *King* made her a low bow, and ſpeak to her with all imaginable civility. It is certain, ſhe made no impreſſion on the *King* that day; howhave he would have none to rally her upon that that Subject. Her Luck was better ſix days after, for ſhe entertained him moſt wittily, for the ſpace of two hours: and that was the fatal Converſation that won him into the engagement wherein he ſtill perſiſts.

You know very well, he would have been aſhamed to come to ſee that Maid in my houſe without viſiting me: And therefore he found a means to have it ſpread a broad about the Court, that he was in love with me: He ſpoke of it continually, prais'd my Air and Beauty; and in ſhort, I had the Complements of all my Friends upon the News.

In the mean time, he gave me no other proofs of his affection but continual Viſits: When he oſerved any approach my ear to tell me ſome little idle ſtory, he fell again into ſtrange Fits of Melancholly, he put

me often upon the diſcourſe of his fair Ones, obliging me to tell him every leaſt punctilio that concerned her: And ſince I obſerved the cauſe of that Curioſity to be only becauſe of what he had been told and that otherwayes I was glad to divert him, I entertained him on that Subject as much as he pleaſed. He often ſaw her in private, and ſome times talkt drollingly, to countenance his Converſations: But if I did but in the leaſt ſeem to ſuſpect any thing. I clearly ſaw by the Looks that he has (when he is offended) that he was not well pleaſed. He frequently called for her and was really more pleaſing and more prompt in entertaining the company, than when ſhe was not there.

In the mean time conſider how I ſuffered thereby; No Body offering to come into my preſence, for fear of giving him offence, ſaveonly the poor *Count de Guiche* who boldly viſited me ſtill. Good God! How blind I was! I remember one day, when *Mademoiſelle de Tonnechalaute* was ſick of a Feaver, *La Valliere* went to ſee her; ſo ſoon as the King knew of it, in a great ſurprize he ſtarted up, and went himſelf to bring her away. Ah! *Madam* (ſaid the *Count* to me) the King is exceedingly Civil if he be not in Love. I confeſs,

I beleived it not ſo much, being ſaid to the contrary: and the *Queen-Conſort* confirmed me in my opinion more than any other by her indifference towards me; which ſhe pretended, was occaſioned by my laughing one night, when ſhe had like to have fallen as ſhe was dancing here: *Monſieur* likewiſe gave me ſome angry hints of it, as I was a Hunting.

In reallity when I conſider on't, our ſprightly Lovers made themſelves very Merry with my ſimplicity: But let us make an end.

One day when the *Counteſs de Maure* came to viſit me, *La Valliere* askt her if ſhe had not ſeen *La Tonnechalante*, who was gone to wait upon her. You know the Humour of the *Counteſs*, who was her intimate Friend. She thought that *La Valliere* ſpoke not as became her, of her Kinſwoman and Friend, and complained of it to me. I do confeſs the Whimſie of that Lady ſeemed to me pleaſant, in that ſhe took it amiſs, that ſhe took it amiſs, that ſhe gave not the Title of *Mademoiſelle de Tonnechalante*; but having a ſecret Grudge againſt *La Vailliere*, becauſe the Night before, the *King* had entertained her almoſt all the while, I took her up ſo ſharply before *Madame de Maure*; letting her know, that I put a great

Difference between her, and my other Maids and that of late I obſerved ſhe was grown ſomewhat Conceited and Wiſe, that ſhe wept for Anger and Vexation: But what of all incenſed her moſt, was, that ſhe had heard us with contempt jeer at her pretended paſſion for the *King*. And as you know that *Madame de Maure* is poſitive in deciding matters, ſhe ſpoke of her as a Maid, who would at length fall in love with the *Heroes* of a *Romance*. We had not fully determined that point, when the *King* entred my Chamber. I declare to you *Dutcheſs*, that at time he appeared to me the moſt Lovely Perſon that ever I had ſeen. But Good God how ſoon did that charming jolity vaniſh, when he perceived *La Vailliere* enter by another door, with eyes ſwollen and red with weeping? No, I ſhall not undertake to deſcribe to you that change which he endeavoured to hide, by telling her laughing, That he had ſo much kindneſs for her, that he was willing to be informed of her Troubles. I beleive at this time ſhe ſpoke very well of me to him; for preſently after he departed ſaying, that he had ſeen me and that that was enough.

He returned however at Night, with the *Queen*, attended by many Ladies. The

*Queen*

*Queen* ſhewed us a moſt lovely Bracelet of Diamonds, in the Middle whereof was the picture of *Lucretia* in water moſt richly ſet, being a Maſter-peice of art, and the Work of that Famous *Italian*, who hath made ſo much noiſe in the World. There was not a Lady amongſt us all, but would have given any thing for that pretty Toy: And to what purpoſe ſhould I diſſemble, I confeſs I thought it deſigned for me; and that if I ſhould but ſignifie my deſire of having it, the *King* would certainly ask it of the *Queen*; for none but himſelf would ever have obtained it from her. The truth is I omitted nothing that might perſwade him that that Preſent might prove acceptable, if he beſtow it on me: But he was ſo Melancholly, that he made me no anſwer. Nevertheleſs, he took it from *Madame de Soiſſons*, who had it in her hand, and ſhew'd it to all our Maids; and addreſſing himſelf to *La Valliere*, he ask't her, that ſeeing we were all ſo much taken with it, what was her opinion thereof. With a Languiſhing Accent, ſhe anſwered him that it was precious and rare. the *King* had neither the patience nor prudence to forbare deſiring it, till he was gone from my Lodgings; for with much Seriouſneſs, he prayed the *Queen* to truck it with

him: she gave it him with a great deal of joy; and God knows how I was transported, when I saw it in his hands. When the Company was gone, I could not forbare to tell all my Maids, that I should think my self exceedingly disappointed, if next Morning I had not that Jewel; *La Valliere* blush't, and made no answer, but immediately departed, and *La Tonnechalaute* followed softly. She observed *La-Valliere* as plainly as I can see you, look on that bracelet, kiss it and then put it in her pocket. When *La Tonnechalaute*, with design to put her in fear made a loud cry, which did indeed surprize her; but being again recovered, she sought for no Evasin but freely told her. Well! *Mademoiselle* (said she) you are privy to the *Kings* Secret; it is a nice point, consider of it therefore more than once. *Tonnechalaute* at this earnestly entreated her, that she would tell her the whole intrigue: And *La Vallier* without mincing the Matter acquainted her with the State of Affair as then it stood.

Next Morning she wrote to the *King* an account of all that Adventure: And about Two of the Clock came to my Lodgings, where he discours'd almost an Hour with her. He offered to have removed her from me that very day (but she would not) he gave

gave the Pendants and Watch you know of; and desired her that adorned with them, she should come into my Chamber, which she did. I ask't her before the *King* who had bestowed those Things on her: I did (said the *King*, with little Civility) at this I stood speechless; but the *King* having pray'd me to go to *Varsailles*, and take that Creature along with me, I took no notice of it at that time, till I might have the opportunity of doing it before the *Queens*. The *King* without doubt suspected as much, for that day he did us all the civility, to leave us in the Vain that then fell, and took *LaVilliere* by the hand, covering her Head with his Hat. Thus slighting our dsiegns he, made no secret of an intrigue, whereof we intended to make a Mysterious Point.

Judge then after all this, my Dear, how great my obligations are to the *King*.

The *Dutchess* condoled with her; and after they had spent Five or Six dayes discoursing of their several affairs, they returned again to *Paris*.

*Madame* Sup't at *Louvre*, where she found almost all the Ladies of the Court, who came to Visit the *Queen-Mother*, then a little indisposed. The *King* perceiving *Monsieur de Rocqueluar* come in, ask't him if his roguery with Woman-kind must

be

be always the ſubject of diſcourſe. This he ask't, becauſe the Night before he had made a very unhandſome rupture with *Madame de Gerſay*: Really (ſaid the *King*) that reputation of Procuring Ladies Favours, and tnen ſlighting of them, does no way pleaſe me: Who can countenance a Man, that wants ſincerity towards them? For in ſhort is there nothing to be feared, becauſe that all that they can do, is to perſecute us but with Tears and Complaining? That is barbarous: And beſides, who ever is honeſt in one Point, ſhould be ſo in all. In reallity (replyed the firſt and moſt beautiful *Dutcheſs* of *France*) it is a great Honour for us, that ſuch a *King* as ours does ſo generouſly maintain our Cauſe. Ha! *Madame* (ſaid the *King*) I ſhould not need to do ſo, were all Ladies like you. After all (ſaid the *Queen*) *Monſieur de Guiche* loſt himſelf ſo much Two or Three paſſages of that Nature, that not a Semptreſs in the Exchange would have truſted him, tho he were dead. But *Madame* (ſaid *Rocquelaur* to her ſmiling) when a Confeſſour commands to break off? Ah! (interrupted the King) a good Man hath always a Good Conſcience.

This Converſation laſted an Hour longer, the King ſtill pinching *Recq elare* on that Subject. After-

Afterward he went to prepare for Confeſſion next Day, which he made with wonderful Devotion, and divided the day into three Parts; one for God another for the People, and a third for *La Valliere*, to whom he gave his richeſt preſents; amongſt which none pleaſed me more than a ſet of Chriſtial Furniture rarely wrought. I am certain that all the Furniture I have ever ſeen, comes far ſhort of the Beauty and ſplendor of this, the Candleſtick alone being worth two thouſand Piſtols.

Two dayes after *La Valliere* ſent the *King* by one of her Brother's Gentlemen, a Suit of Cloaths and Trimming, with this Letter.

I *Confeſs to you, I am not a little proud, when I conſider I am in a condition to make preſents to the greateſt Monarch in the World: For, my Illuſtrious Prince, you are willing I ſhould be perſwaded, that what ever comes from me is acceptable to you, and that you ſet more value upon a Mark of my Paſſion and Friendſhip, than all the treaſures of your* Kingdom, *conſider tho a little whil'ſt you are a dreſſing that to pleaſe me there is no great need of Magnificence.*

This Letter as every thing that comes from *La Valliere*, exceedingly pleaſed the King and this is the Anſwer he made to it.

Y *Es my Dear little Minion, you are in a condition to make me preſents and I re-*

*ceive them from your hand with greater joy than the Empire of the World from the hands of all men: But my pretty Child reserve ever for me the glorious Present you have made me of your Heart, for it is that which makes me look upon all the rest with Pleasure. Have a little curiosity to come and see me in the habit you have bestowed upon me.*

This Present turned to her great advantage; for the King having worn it a fortnight together sent her shortly after six Suits wonderfully Rich and Sumptuous, with a Skale and Girdle of Diamonds to mount by with greater ease to the top of *Parnassus*; and a Vest just like the Queens, which becomes her very well. She was in this Equipage when the King went to *Vincennes* to muster his Troops in presence of the Ambassadours of *England*. The King observing *La Vallieres* Coach passing, went to meet it at a Gallop, and stood an Hour and an half at the Boot uncovered, tho' there was then a little mizling rain, which much incommoded us: Upon his return meeting the Two Queens he made them a low reverence.

Next Week the two Lovers went by themselves to *Versailles*, *Mademoiselle d' Artigny* not being permitted to go with them; So true it is that Secrecy is the delight of Love, this puts me in mind of the Cardinal-Legate, who one day said to *Monsieur de Crequi*; *Parbleu Monsieur*, I should lose one half of my Pleasure if I thought any Body heard me.

About half way Des Fountaines, by Order from the King prepared a great treat for tehm, for which he had a hundred Pistols.

They staid seven or eight dayes at *Versailles*, where they diverted themselves at Hunting, Walking, in Bed, and at all other recreations they pleased.

As

As they were returning to *Paris* *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* fell from her horſe, which would not have hurt her much had ſhe not been the Kings Miſtreſs; but becauſe of that ſhe muſt needs be let blood; and I know not why ſhe would have *Oppier* to be the Man: The King who would be preſent did more hurt than good; for he made ſuch a noiſe in the Surgeons ears, that for fear he twice miſt of his hit. Her Lover grew pale as a Linnen Cloath; but it was a quite other matter, when he ſaw that *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* drawing haſtily back her Foot, broke the point of the Launcet: The King exaſperated as if the poor Wretch had done it purpoſely, gave him a kick with his foot with all his ſtrength, (which in truth is enough to be ſaid) and ſent him dancing from one end of the Chamber to the other. The King caſt himſelf into his place, and held the Foot of that rare one, till a nother Surgeon came, who pluck't out the point of that Launcet, and her let blood extreamly well; tho for all that ſhe was fain to keep her bed for a Month after.

The King for her ſake put off his Journey to Fountainblau, for the ſpace of Ten Dayes; but muſt then be gone. She had every day News from the King, and the King from her. This is one of the Letters which ſhe wrote to him.

GOod God how uneaſy a thing it is to love ſuch a Charming Prince as you are? one has never a minutes reſt, but even fears a thouſand things that can never happen. In a word, I am many times vexed that you are ſo extream lovely: Pitty then, that Heart which you render unhappy; and impute not to it the Troubles my Love occaſions, in being ſad, abſent importunate, and (if I dare ſay ſo) Jealous.

Here

Here you have the Anſwer.

THE ſad Eſtate to which my heart reduces me, in that I ſee you not (my Child) is ſo much to be pittied, as to oblige you to ſhare in my Pains, and to be affected with the evils that I ſuffer through your abſence; which all the Pleaſures of my Court cannot mitigate, or give eaſe to. So that I am fully perſwaded, you have ſome Minutes, wherein you ſuffer whatever can be ſuffered by one that Loves.

An Hour after this Letter was diſpatched, the King was ſo impatient of ſeeing his Miſtreſs, that he prayed the Duke of St. *Agnan* to go for her, not being able himſelf, becauſe of ſome important Affairs, that were then in agitation in his Councel. The Duke immediately departed, and two dayes after our two lovers taſted the Satiſfaction of beholding one another, after a ſhort Abſence their joy was great, but the Queens was not ſo; who without this, had Vexation enough to hear the King almoſt every night dream, and talk aloud of that little *Pute*——(for ſo he called her, ſpeaking not good French.) She is a good Princeſs, and the King is a great Prince: None but he deſerves to Head us. There were never any Great Men, who have not as well as He been overcome by Love.

Let us alwaies then admire his Gratitude, Integrity, Paſſion, and great Conſtancy; and the *Wit* and *Moderation* of *La Valliere*.

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*FINIS.*